Dear Bud, 12/29/75

It was not to replow ground already plowed that I called you today, as you later told Jim in asking him to call me for you. But if you decided it was, istead of having me sit around doing odds and ends for three hours, why didn't you have someone phone me with a courteous lie, like you were suddenly called away?

I called you in your interest, not mine. And not with anything "old" but with a plan for preparong for your possible need. I had part of it on paper when you said you'd call back after taking another call. I thought it through further during the 15-minute walk I told you I'd take.

What I did get to tell you is that a) the Times series is in New York and b) to be published before the CBS special, which is Friday night. You allowed no chance for the next consideration, what we might prepare to do between the two, using the Times as the peg for anticipating what CBS has not hidden it plans. And thus responding to both.

There is nothing either can say that can hurt me. I do not believe the resistance and pressure I have given both endears me to either. Generally I ignore these things, more now that what I can do is restricted. I haven't read Phelan's nastiness yet and I've ignored your unrestrainable self-indulgence to the Post. Not that the worst of my writing in this field isn't at least the equal of the law youfve practised in it.

But you and Jim are lawyers and you can both be hurt, you in particular if either did any digging and if you blabbed. (I still find it incredible that a man of your sophistication and experience would not be suspicious when three Times reporters came so late in the day and fear from your appearance when I saw you that you were indiscrete.) This is why I went to see you Tuesday, as we had earlier arranged. It is why I was at your office two weeks earlier when I had new glimmers I felt you should know (but you didn't come back before the time I said I had to leave. It is why in between I phoned and left a message. You did not return the call. And part of another aspect is why I spent what I can't afford, a half-hour on the phone with Bob.

All of these situations are your responsibility, from what you do that you should not, from what you do not do that you should, and from copping out when firm action is obviously called for. Despite all I was trying to prepare for help you might need, nothing else. And in return you were again abusive and inconsiderate. Knowing the shape I'm in and what it does to what I can do in my own interest - and can't. If you were not so hungup in your own hanups you'd be ashamed. In principle and for killing the last part of the day when I have enough energy for continuous work.

Until I knew the Times' expected schedule, while I suspected it and accurately forecast it day before yesterday to Jim, there was no point in planning countermeasures. I did, however, think of them. And between the time I learned this morning and the time I called you this afternoon I did work out a no-lose plan. But for it to be possible the Times stories have to appear before the CBS show.

It would have required some preparation. Beth could have done it at Jim's or here, easily, under the direction of either of us. I do have in addition what you do not know about, what I did not get from C.A.75-1996 and what could have turned the whole thing around after the Times series and when it would have been too late for CBS to change. I'll not still have it for my own use, in my own way and interest. I was, in fact, saving it for my own use. In time you'll know, as you'll also know what it adds to what I had and on which you copped out at the evidentiary hearing.

You've been lucking it out for years. I hope you make it one more time.

In any event, I've been trying to work ahead and to do what it is your responsibility to do. But I knew you wouldn't. My phone bill alone will be about $100 for it. But for my own ourposes, for my last two books, I haven't dared soend a cent on long-distance calls.

In all other aspect you are so entirely different. But with this subject and with me you are like a snake that shed its pattern. Briefly. Then it is back again.

I do feel sorry for you, your inability to learn and change and for what it all may yet do for you. May your luck hold out. You need it!